



Hizzonner



Boss-Man



Weird Guy



Wolfie-Pie



Dear Diary,

Mac here again. Remember that jerk newspaper guy who put me in a costume and had me fight Spider-Man? Well he's Mayor now. That's right, Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. I hate this guy. I mean, the dude set me up to be a super villain, then made a mint running pictures of me getting beat-up by some slack-jawed teenager in footie pajamas.

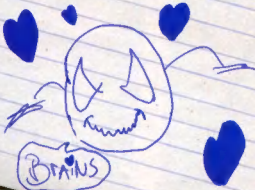
But joke's on that sucker -- thanks to my boss Norman Osborn capping the Skrull Queen during the Skrull Invasion, we all moved on-up to the Avengers Tower. They call me Spider-Man. I got a high-rise apartment, my own spaceship and all the strippers I can eat. It's pretty nifty.

Yessir, working for the corn-rows behind the crown makes life pretty easy for the likes of me, even if he gets all pissy that I occasionally bite off the limbs of the super villains I bust, like that General Wolfram nerd. Like that'll ever come back to haunt me.

No, the only thing haunting me is J. Jonah Jameson. I mean - MAYOR! Cmon, this guy got a face only my mother could love (what?) and he's MAYOR! But I'm a hero - I can rise above this, and I'll do it the best way I know how... break into his house and leave a corpse in his bed.

What?

SNAUGSNKISSES,
MAC



DARK REIGN: THE GHOSTLY SPIDER-MAN
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Paul Azacis



OH, GOOD
LORD,
RICARDO...

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID THIS
WOULD BE
DISCREET!

YOU'RE THE
CHIEF! KEEP
YOUR MEN
IN LINE!

OH YES
SIR, MISTER
MAYOR.

I'LL ORDER
EVERYONE OUT
OF HERE RIGHT
THIS INSTANT.

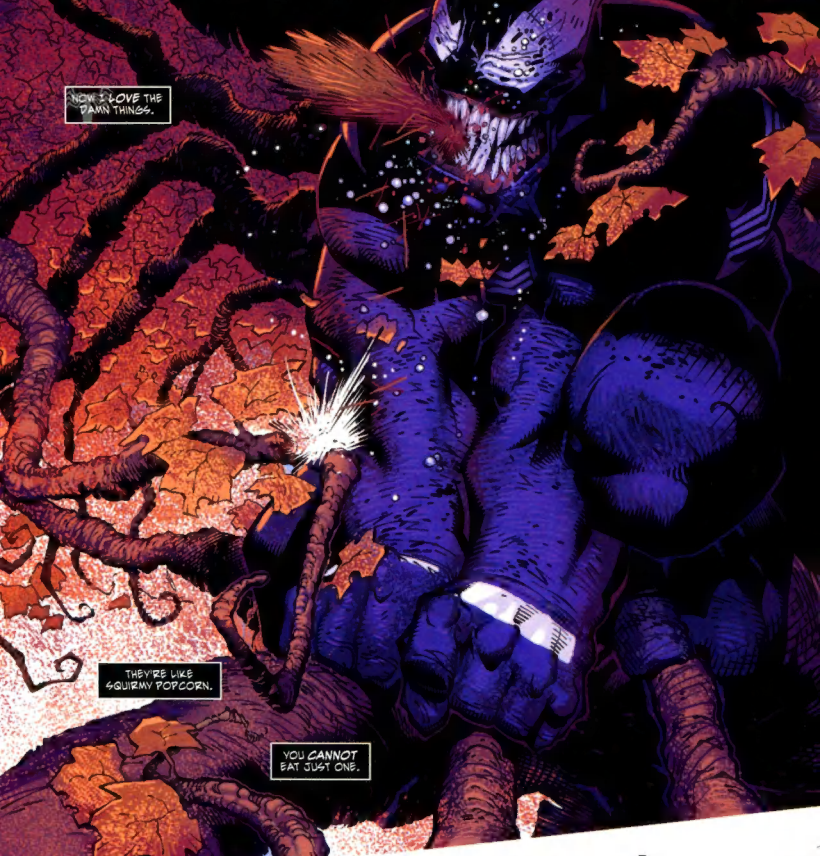
MAYBE THEY
CAN TAKE THE
DEAD HOOKER
WITH THEM?

FOR THE LOVE
OF--DON'T SAY
'HOOKER'!

WE DON'T
KNOW SHE
WAS...

YOU DON'T
WANT THE WORDS
'DEAD HOOKER'
FOUND IN GRACIE
MANSION! ON THE
FRONT PAGE OF
THE DB RIGHT,
JONAH?

THAT
TOO!



NOW I LOVE THE
DAMN THINGS.

THEY'RE LIKE
SQUIRMY POPCORN.

YOU CANNOT
EAT JUST ONE.

THE SINISTER SPIDER-MAN CHAPTER TWO WE NEED A HERO

BRIAN REED writer **CHRIS BACHALO** with **ROB DISALVO** pencils
TOWNSEND, MENDOZA, SIBAL & DISALVO inks **BACHALO** with **MOSSA & FABELA** colors **JARED K. FLETCHER** letters
editor **THOMAS BRENNAN** supervising editor **STEPHEN WACKER** executive editor **TOM BREVOORT**
editor in chief **JOE QUESADA** Publisher **DAN BUCKLEY** executive producer **ALAN FINE**



I THOUGHT
HE WAS
SUPPOSED TO
BE HERE?

DUDE'S
ALWAYS BEEN
WHERE HE SAID.
NO REASON HE
WOULDN'T BE
NOW.



AHHH...

KRUNG
KRUNG
KRUNG



MY THREE
O'CLOCK'S HERE.

SCHLURP



MUSTN'T KEEP
THEM WAITING.

I'LL NEVER TELL.

THIS CRAP'S
GOTTA BE WORTH
SOMETHING.

AND JUST WHAT
DO YOU THINK
THIS MONEY'S
BUYING YOU?

THE PARK
AVENUE
PLAYERS?

HEARD
OF 'EM.

THEY
CAUSED
ME SOME
TROUBLE.

I WANT TO
CAUSE SOME
BACK.

A FEW HOURS LATER...

I WAS LYING
OF COURSE.

NEVER MET ANY OF THE
PARK AVENUE PLAYERS--

UNTIL...



LET'S SEE HOW J. JONAH JAMESON DEALS WITH THAT.

AND FOUR DAYS LATER...

IT'S OUT OF CONTROL, JONAH!

THE STREETS ARE A SHOOTING GALLERY!

CRIME IS COMPLETELY RAMPANT IN THIS TOWN!

I CAN'T STEP OUTSIDE WITHOUT HAVING IDIOT REPORTERS ASKING FOR COMMENT!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME THAT!

I STARTED THE WEEK WITH A DEAD STRIPPER DEPOSITED IN MY BEDROOM!

AND SHE WAS A STRIPPER AND NOT A HOOKER, NO MATTER WHAT THAT DIRT RAG THE DB SAYS!

I KNOW THINGS ARE OUT OF CONTROL!

THE QUESTION IS...

WHAT THE HELL DO WE DO ABOUT IT, MANTLE?

WELL...

I HAVE AN IDEA. BUT YOU AREN'T GOING TO LIKE IT.

Doctor Shep Gunderson's diary--
Wednesday, July 29th.

4

5

Express to
Brooklyn

There is a darkness
in the world...



An evil that masquerades
as goodness and light.



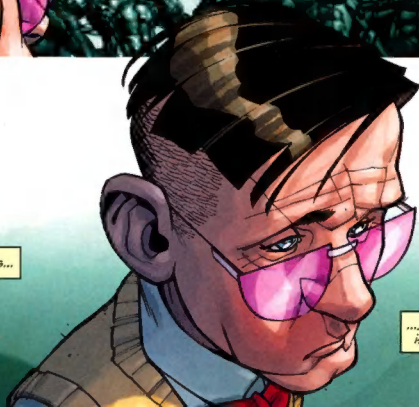
His noble teammates have
no idea of the cancer hiding
amongst their ranks.



But I know.

I have seen his
horror firsthand.

Unlike others...



...I know what he
is capable of...

**BROOKLYN
PSYCHIATRIC
HOSPITAL**

...but we shall redeem
the Spider-Man.

OKAY.
I THINK WE
SHOULD GET
STARTED NOW.
WHO'D LIKE TO
GO FIRST?



ANYONE?

COME ON,
FOLKS.

GROUP
THERAPY IS A
HIGHLY USEFUL TOOL.
IT HELPS US ALL
SEE WE'RE NOT
WEAK.

THAT OTHERS
SHARE OUR
FOIBLES.

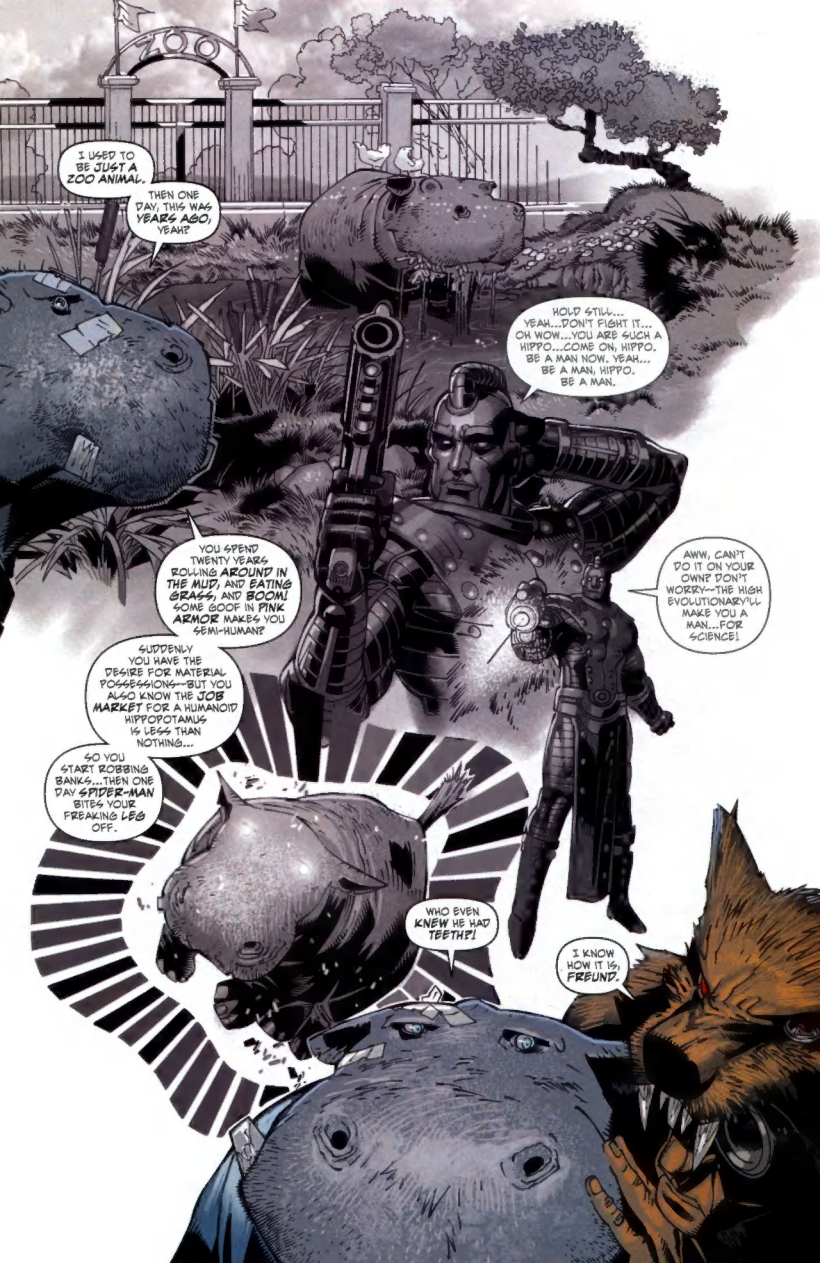
HIPPO?
LET'S START
WITH YOU,
MUMKAY?

I
DUNNO, MR.
REDEEMER,
SIR.

SOMEBODY NEEDS TO
GO FIRST. WHY NOT
SHOW THE OTHERS
HOW IT'S DONE?

SSIGH

OKAY...
I USED
TO...



I USED TO
BE JUST A
ZOO ANIMAL.

THEN ONE
DAY, THIS WAS
YEARS AGO,
YEAH?

HOLD STILL....
YEAH...DON'T FIGHT IT...
OH WOW...YOU ARE SUCH A
HIPPO...COME ON, HIPPO...
BE A MAN NOW. YEAH...
BE A MAN, HIPPO.
BE A MAN.

YOU SPEND
TWENTY YEARS
ROLLING AROUND IN
THE MUD, AND EATING
GRASS, AND BOOM!
SOME GOOF IN PINK
ARMOR MAKES YOU
SEMI-HUMAN?

SUDDENLY
YOU HAVE THE
DESIRE FOR MATERIAL
POSSESSIONS--BUT YOU
ALSO KNOW THE JOB
MARKET FOR A HUMANOID
HIPPOPOTAMUS
IS LESS THAN
NOTHING...

SO YOU
START ROBBING
BANKS...THEN ONE
DAY SPIDER-MAN
BITES YOUR
FREAKING LEG
OFF.

WHO EVEN
KNEW HE HAD
TEETH?

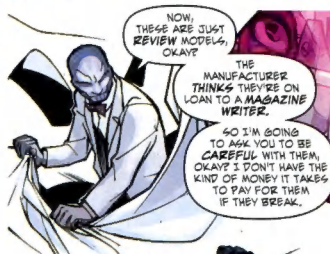
I KNOW
HOW IT IS,
FREUND.

AHH, CAN'T
DO IT ON YOUR
OWN? DON'T
WORRY--THE HIGH
EVOLUTIONARY'LL
MAKE YOU A
MAN...FOR
SCIENCE!



I WANT US TO ALL BE AT OUR BEST, AND STRONGEST...

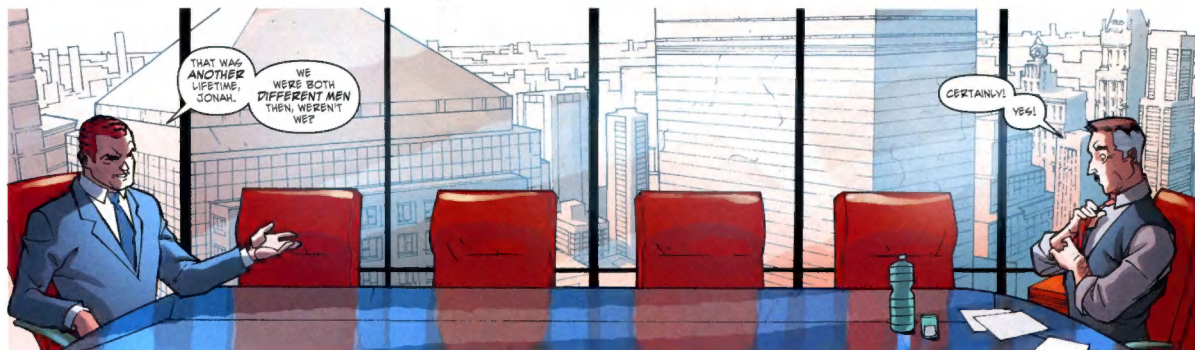
SO I MADE A FEW PHONE CALLS, AND I GOT YOU ALL SOMETHING.





LOOK, OSBORN, WE'VE GOT A HISTORY...

I UNDERSTAND YOU MIGHT STILL BE UPSET ABOUT THINGS MY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED ABOUT YOU--



THAT WAS ANOTHER LIFETIME, JONAH.

WE WERE BOTH DIFFERENT MEN THEN, WEREN'T WE?

CERTAINLY! YES!



SO THEN... TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT YOU WANT.

I THOUGHT MY OFFICE EXPLAINED--



OH, THEY DID. BUT I WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY IT.



NEW YORK NEEDS...

OH, HELL-- I NEED, OKAY?



I NEED A HERO. AN AVENGER. TO BE THE FACE OF CRIME-FIGHTING IN NEW YORK. YOUR "AMERICAN SON" DIDN'T TAKE TOO WELL.



AND JUST WHO DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WAS THINKING MS. MARVEL.

WERE YOU?



SEX SELLS, OSBORN! AND THAT GUY'S GOT ENOUGH TO OPEN A STRIP JOINT.



BESIDES, NO TWO-BIT BOON WANTS TO GET HIS BUTT KICKED BY A GIRL.

A VALID POINT...

BUT I THINK I HAVE A BETTER IDEA.

LOOK,
NEW YORK! A
NEW DAY HAS
DAWNED!

J. JONAH
JAMESON AND
SPIDER-MAN,
SIDE-BY-SIDE!

GENIUS,
AIN'T IT?

THIS... OH DAMN IT
ALL RIGHT TO HELL.

OSBORN SAYS THIS
IS TO KEEP ME OUT
OF TROUBLE!

THAT'S RIGHT, ASS.

KEEP SMILING FOR
THE CAMERAS.

I PROMISED
THIS CITY I'D
SOLVE OUR
CRIME
PROBLEMS!

THIS IS
HOW I'M
GONNA
DO IT!

ENJOY YOUR LITTLE
MOMENT IN THE SPOTLIGHT.

AFTER HIS
RECENT DRUG
BUST, I SAID
"I NEED SPIDER-MAN
ON MY TEAM!"
SO I GOT HIM!

'CAUSE GAME
TIME IS OVER.

DEAD GIRLS?
GANG WARS?
SCREW ALL
THAT NOISE.

I'M GONNA KILL
HIZZONER FIRST
CHANCE I GET.

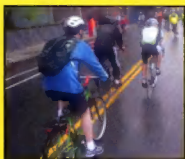
**TO BE
CONTINUED!**

the **SINISTER** SPIDER-MAIL

Send e-mail to
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM
 (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

CRUCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT THAT'S TOTALLY RELEVANT TO THIS COMIC!

Howdy folks, Mac Gargan here. By the time you read this mag, it'll be approximately four weeks since Tom Brennan's bike, Green Lightning, was stolen outside the Marvel offices. Now I like a good crime as much as the next man, but you've never seen a kid so broken up over a crappy French Canadian mountain bike (without the seat, no less) – so to the guys who stole it, I figure if you like bikes you must have two legs – and those are my favorite parts to eat. Keep frosty. And to Green Lightning, we here at Mighty Marvel say farewell, and hang tough:



Green Lightning: 2000-2009

Okay, on with the letters page. So issue #1 sold out, which is pretty rad. I'd thank ya but really I think you guys owe me the thanks for being so incredible that you had a reason to go outside (in the "sunlight") and have a good reason to spend your hard earned cash. So – you're welcome! And to show how much I mean to all of you, now's time for another installment of Mac-N-Sleaze –where you give me your problems and I try not to let my Symbiote eat your brains. Ready, Symby?

BRAAMAINS!

...alright. Our first letter comes from Chucko in CA.

Hey Mac,

I was wondering what is your favorite thing to eat and your least favorite thing to eat

-Chucko,
 from the boring part of California

Hey Chucko, "i was wondering i was wondering" what your question is, given your lack of punctuation? Is "the boring part of California" just outside of MLA-Format-Need-Not-Apply-sylvania? Sheesh. Anyway, my least favorite thing: Fried Green Tomatoes. My favorite thing? The cast of "Fried Green Tomatoes." HA! Man, I've been waiting to use that one. Anyway, my favorite thing is most definitely the legs of bike thieves. My least favorite thing is Osborn hair. Gets caught in my teeth.

Yo, Mac!

I got a friend who's been having a lot of troubles with an alternate personality, and

sometimes I come home to an argument between him and his "other". Seeing as you're getting along with your symbiote, I was hoping that you could give me pointers as to how to help him with his issue. Oh, and I got a friend here who wants his arm back. Badly.

--Orion,
 San Jose, CA

Hey, "Orion",

Very believable name – you sure you're not the voice inside someone's head? Anyway, the key to successfully living with two personalities is compromise. I luck out cuz Symby over here has very simple wants and needs – eat people, eat brains, and (if we got time) kill Spider-Man. Right, Symby?

BRAINS! PEOPLE! SSSSSPIDER-MAN!

Gravy. And me? I want limitless power and to be left alone. So for us, it works. We're like the Stockton and Malone of eating people and taking what we want. But I can understand some contention might happen with some people. Tell your friend to find some common ground with the voice in his head and work from there. Nothin's solved by working against yourself. As for your friend's arm, well, I got a friend who wants his bike back but that ain't happening. Suck it up.

Next letter's from...MARK WAID? It must be a hoax – a trick – a DREAM!

Dear Mac:

I have a 1972 Larson 16' boat with an Evinrude 50 two-stroke motor. Can overflow fittings be run to exit below the water level without a problem of draining?

--Mark Waid
 The Less Boring Part of California, CA

I can't believe it – THE Mark Waid! Comic book icon! He's still "alive"? Looks like I owe Bullseye \$36.50. Anyway, Mark, I'm game to pretend you have a boat but I'm no AquaNaut, so I've called in the Spidey-Office's Senior Boat Expert, Thomas F. Brennan, retired Captain in the Merchant Marines and father of this book's editor. Take it away, old guy!

An Evinrude 50 two stroke would indicate the motor is an outboard. If that is the case and the "overflow" you are referring to is the engine cooling water, then it is already being discharged with the exhaust through the motor's lower unit.

Brennan had to sit through two hours of NCIS and a lecture on how he should get a better bike lock before he could get that answer. I hope you're happy, Waid.

Dear Mac,

I'm home from college for the summer and I need a job. The problem is that nobody in the area is hiring. I still have 2 months until I go back to school and I'm bored out of my mind. What would you do in my situation?

Joshua L.
 Ft. Lauderdale, FL

I'm not one to advise on employment, Josh – never much felt one should HAVE to have a job. I mean, I went from being a Private Eye to a professional super villain to a professional super villain-pretending-to-be-a-hero. I've pretty much made my living off scammin' folks. That's what I advise in your situation, Josh. You're in Ft. Lauderdale – plenty of wealthy folks to scam, scheme, con or otherwise shakedown. Promise to mow their lawns, do half and then demand pay before you do the rest. Then – leave. And eat their lawn mowers. That's what I'd do. Mainly, I'd eat the lawn mower.

Dear Venorpion,

What's it like being Spider man, and why are you so much cooler than Eddie Brock?

Jame Sugrue,
 Manalapan, NJ

I could go on and on about how great I am, but that's what we pay Brian Reed the average-sized bucks for. Instead, I'm gonna let Symby handle this one. No one knows better about me AND Brock – he's the Thomas F. Brennan of psychopaths. Symby?

BROCK WAS WEAK – WEAK!!! HE WANTED TO FEAST: HE WANTED JUSTICE... JUSTICE FOR THE WEAK, THE COWARDLY, THE LAME! GARGAN GIVES US WHAT HE WANTS... WELL EXCEPT FOR PLASMA TV OR NBA LEAGUE PASS...

Oh that Symby – he makes me feel like a violent Señor Wences. Remember Señor Wences? He was a ventriloquist in the 70s. Jeez, I thought you nerds were supposed to be smart. Umm...OK, how about "he's like a psychotic Triumph the Insult Comic Dog." Is that guy still around? Y'know, on that show with Conan? Is he still on TV? What do you want from me? This Avengers gig is the first time I've had a place to live that didn't charge by the hour since college. Ah, forget it, I'm outta here.

NEXT MONTH



**DARK SPIDEY GETS PUNCHED IN THE FACE!
 THE REDEEMER AND HIS GANG MAKE THEIR MOVE!
 MAYOR JAMESON ATTENDS A CIVIC PLANNING MEETING!**

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